THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 16, 1809.

Account of the Battle of Corunna; and the Last Moments of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore.

[From " A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain, by his Brother, James Moore, Esq."]

ABOUT noon, January 16, 1809, the general sent for Colonel Anderson, to communicate his final instructions respecting the embarkation. He directed that he must continue to send sick men, horses, and baggage aboard the ships as quickly as possible; but that he wished all the boats to be disengaged at four in the afternoon; for he intended, if the French did not move, to begin embarking the reserve at that hour. And that he would go out himself, as soon as it was dark, to send in the troops by brigades in the order he wished them to embark. He continued transacting business until a little after one o'clock, when his horse was brought. He then took leave of Colonel Anderson, saying, " Remember I depend upon your paying particular attention to every thing that concerns the embarkation; and let there be as little confusion as possible."

He mounted his horse in good spirits, and set off to visit the out-posts, and to explain his design to the general officers.

He had not proceeded far on the road towards the position of the army, when he received a report from General Hope, " that the enemy's line were getting under arms;" which was confirmed by a deserter who came in at that moment. Sir John expressed the highest satisfaction at this intelligence; and only regretted that there would not be day-light enough

to profit sufficiently from the advantages he anticipated as certain.

He struck spurs into his horse, and flew to the field. The advanced picquets were already beginning to fire at the enemy's light troops, who were pouring rapidly down the hill on the right wing of the British.

The army was drawn up in the order of battle he had planned three days before, and was filled with ardour. The general surveyed them with pleasure; and examined carefully the movements of the French columns. In a few minutes he dispatched almost all his staff-officers with orders to the generals at the different points.

General Fraser, whose brigade was in the rear, was commanded to move up, and take his position on the right; and General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve to support Lord William Bentinck.

The enemy now commenced a destructive cannonade from eleven heavy guns, advantageously planted on the hills.

Four strong columns of French were seen moving from their position. One advanced from a wood, the other skirted its edge, and both were directed towards the right wing, which was the weakest point. A third column approached the centre; and the fourth was advancing slowly upon the left along the road from El-Burgo. Besides these, there was a fifth corps which remained half way down the hill, towards the left.

It was the opinion of Sir John Moore that the presence of the chief in command near to the point where the great struggle occurs, is often most useful. He probably thought it peculiarly requisite to follow this rule here, as the position of his right wing was bad; and if the troops on that point gave way, the ruin of the army was inevitable.

Lord William Bentinck's brigade, consisting of three incomparable regiments, the 4th, the 42d, and 50th, maintained this dangerous post. The guards were in their rear; and to prevent the right being turned, Captain Napier was dispatched to desire General Paget to bring up the reserve to the right of Lord William Bentinck.

Sir David Baird leading on his division had his arm shattered with a musket ball, and was forced to leave the field.

The French artillery plunged from the heights, and the two hostile lines of infantry mutually advanced, beneath a shower of balls.

They were still separated from each other by stone walls and hedges, which intersected the ground; but as they closed it was perceived that the French line extended beyond the right flank of the British; and a body of the enemy were observed moving up the valley to turn it. An order was instantly given,

and

and the half of the 4th regiment, which formed this flank, fell back, refusing their right, and making an obtuse angle with the other half. In this position they commenced a heavy flanking fire; and the general, watching the manœuvre, called out to them—" This was exactly what I wanted to be done."

He then rode up to the 50th regiment, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope, who got over an inclosure in their front, and charged most gallantly. The general, ever an admirer of valour, exclaimed, " Well done the fiftieth! well done my majors!" They drove the enemy out of the village of Elvina, with great slaughter. In this conflict, Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded in several places, and taken prisoner; and Major Stanhope unfortunately received a mortal wound.

Sir John Moore proceeded to the 42d, addressing them in these words—" Highlanders, remember Egypt." They rushed on, driving the French before them, 'till they were stopped by a wall. Sir John accompanied them in this charge, and told the soldiers that he was " well pleased with their conduct."

He sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of the guards to the left flank of the Highlanders; upon which the officer commanding the light company conceived that, as their ammunition was nearly expended, they were to be relieved by the guards, and began to fall back; but Sir John, discovering the mistake, said to them, " My brave 42d, join your comrades, ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." They instantly obeyed, and all moved forward.

Captain Hardinge now returned, to report that the guards were advancing. While he was speaking, and pointing out the situation of the battalion, a hot fire was kept up, and the enemy's artillery played incessantly on the spot. Sir John Moore was too conspicuous; a cannon-ball struck his left shoulder, and beat him to the ground.

He raised himself, and sat up with an unaltered countenance, looking intently at the Highlanders, who were warmly engaged. He was carried from the field on a blanket, by a serjeant of the 42d, and some soldiers. On the way he ordered Captain Hardinge to report his wound to General Hope, who assumed the command.

Many of the soldiers knew that their two chiefs were carried off, yet they continued the fight undaunted.

General Paget, conformably to his orders, hastened to the right with the reserve. Colonel Beckwith dashed on with the rifle corps, repelling the enemy, and advancing on their flank. They penetrated so far as nearly to carry one of their cannon; but were at length forced to retire before a much superior corps, who were moving up the valley. General Paget attacked

this corps with the 52d, and some more of the reserve, and quickly repelled it. He pressed on to a great distance, dispersing every thing in his front, 'till the enemy, perceiving their left wing quite exposed, drew it entirely back. The French then advanced upon the centre, where Generals Manningham and Leith successfully resisted their onset. The ground there being more elevated, and more favourable for artillery, the guns were of great utility. An effort was likewise made on the left, which was very unavailing, for the position on that side was strong; but a corps of French took possession of a village on the road to Betanzos, from which they continued to fire. On which Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols boldly attacked the village with some companies of the 14th, and beat out the enemy with loss.

Light now began to fail, and the French had fallen back on every point; yet the roaring of cannon, and report of musketry, continued 'till dark.

The victory was complete, and gained under many disadvantages. The British had been much reduced by the multitude of sick, by the loss of stragglers, and by those employed in necessary duties; and General Craufurd's detachment was now at Vigo, so that not quite 15,000 men were brought into the field. The French also were greatly diminished by the length of the march, the severity of the weather, and their losses in the various defeats they had previously sustained; yet, according to the report of the prisoners, their three divisions amounted to full 20,000 men. Besides this great superiority of numbers, their position was far more favourable, and their cannon was of much heavier metal; which being planted on the hills, fired down on the British with great advantage. Yet, by the daring courage of the troops, by the skilful disposition of the army, and by the manœuvres during the action, the French were entirely discomfited.

The loss of the British in killed and wounded was between seven and eight hundred men; and General Hope conjectured that the enemy had lost about double that number; but Major Napier, when a prisoner, learnt from the French generals, that their loss was upwards of three thousand men. This was owing to the quick firing and steady aim of the British troops; the French veteran officers declaring they had never been in such a fire in their lives.

The darkness of the night made it impossible to pursue the enemy; and General Hope, weighing the circumstances under which the British army was placed, and the reinforcement which could soon be sent to the French, considered that it would be impossible to retain his position long. A succession of attacks from fresh troops must ultimately overwhelm the British. He, therefore,

therefore, judged that the only prudent step that could be taken was to proceed to embark the army.

The boats were all in readiness, and the previous measures had been so well concerted, that nearly the whole army were embarked during the night; and on the following day the rear-guard got into the boats without the slightest effort being made by the enemy to interrupt it.

(To be concluded in our next.

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 806.)

OUR hero could hardly count the hours, so quick they passed, when with his loved Amelia by his side,

"They fled away with down upon their feet."

It might now be most truly said that the good old chief of the family at Kray Castle was surrounded by a groupe of happy subjects, all loyal, free, and affectionate, all witnessing his benevolence, regaling themselves in the sunshine of his smile, and sharing the enjoyments of his hospitable board; his cooks seemed perfectly persuaded that spits were made to turn, whilst his cellerman probably forgot that the property of a spigot was to stop a barrel. Scarce a day passed, which was not marked by the attention of his neighbouring friends; Sir Arthur Floyd and the new allies were frequent in their visits, for they had a passionate affection for our hero, and whilst their eyes dwelt with approving pleasure on the fair Amelia, they destined him to her arms, and paid her their devoirs as to a bride elect.

Mrs. Jennings, respited from all the anxious responsibility of a governess, seemed to retain nothing but that unalterable affection for her beloved charge, which was natural to her, and began to think of retiring to her independence at Denbigh, from whence she had accompanied Amelia to Kray Castle. Previous to her departure she thus addressed Amelia:—

"I see you now firmly seated in the hearts of this liberal and benignant family, adopted by the excellent Cecilia, and favoured beyond all my hopes by the venerable De Lancaster; and what more have I to do but to lay down my cares, and rejoice in your good fortune? I have to the best of my power fulfilled the promise that I made to your dear father, whose conscious spirit, now in bliss, looks down upon you; my prayers

ers for your happiness, and for the life of him, on whom your happiness depends, will for the remnant of my days be fervently put up to that almighty power, whose attribute is mercy. Go on, my child, in the right course, in which I strove to train you, and from which you never yet have strayed. Cultivate Cecilia; guard your young heart against the dangerous allurements of sudden elevation, and that unlooked-for prosperity, which is at hand to put your constancy, your piety, your humility to the test. Mean low-born persons are too apt to turn giddy on the wheel of fortune, when it lifts them from the dirt; but recollect, that in hereditary rank and dignity your pretensions are as high as those of the De Lancasters and Morgans, who in riches, not in ancestry, have an advantage over you; and riches only, as you well know, constitute no actual superiority. Let your humility, therefore, though in itself one of the most recommendatory qualities you can possess, be that gentle virtue, which your religion dictates, but never let it sink below the mark, at which true conscious honour has right to stand."

Cecilia's lessons, not less edifying, were of another cast; for every word that fell from her lips was tinctured with a suavity and grace peculiar to her elegance of character. When she addressed her admonitions to the heart, their object was to inspire it with benevolence, with charity, with resignation, and that Christian lowliness, which whilst on earth it sinks, secures its happiest surest flight to Heaven. To these Amelia listened with delight; on these she formed herself, and, happily for her, whilst she received the precept, she beheld the example, that confirmed it. Every day gave her new graces, 'till the charms of beauty were but as ornaments, whose only use is to set off the lustre of the real gem.

As for the grandfather of her beloved, it was something curious to remark how soon she found a strenuous advocate in him. When he descanted she was all attention; nothing could draw her from him. He would say—

"Amelia listens to me with good sense and apprehension; there is a marked discernment in her silence, that is more pleasing, aye, and more eloquent than all the studied praise that flattery can suggest.—I have been thinking," he said one day, as they were sitting in their family circle, "I have been thinking, John, that if I live to see the day when you shall be of age, how perfectly it would complete and crown my felicity, would you take it into your gallant mind to make me a present on that joyful occasion. I would have you think it is not a trifle that will satisfy me. It must be a measure of your esteem for me, and a full satisfaction, recompence, and return for all the love, the care, the fond anxiety, that you have merited

rited and I bestowed. Look around, and tell me if you guess my meaning."

John had not far to look, for Amelia sate beside him, struggling to conceal her consciousness of the allusion, and dreading to hear that which would have given her such delight to have overheard without the confusion of being present. In this instant, most opportunely for her rescue, whilst all her efforts could not prevent her blushes from betraying her, the harp of David Williams sounded in the hall, and she exclaimed above her usual pitch—

"Oh what a charming strain!"

"Bid him come in," said the old gentleman, addressing himself to his grandson, "and if the muse has invited her votary, perhaps she will supply him with words to that strain, which our dear Amelia seems to be so pleased with. David has a quick invention when his wits are well warmed with his favourite metheglin."

The minstrel entered, and was led to a seat in the corner of the room, at the farthest distance from the company assembled. Having lightly sounded the strings of his harp to prove if they were in perfect tune, he asked if the young stranger lady was in the room.

Mr. De Lancaster told him that Miss Amelia Jones was present, and had expressed herself much pleased with the melody, which he had been rehearsing in the hall. Could he play it over to them again?

Perhaps not quite the same; he would attempt something as like it as he could recollect; he hoped it would be not much worse, but he doubted if it would be exactly the same.

"David," said De Lancaster again, "you have enquired if Miss Jones is present; I have told you that she is, and if you could see her, and be satisfied how fair a lady you are invited to address, your muse, inspired by her beauty, would be propitious, and mere melody would not be all, that we should hear from you."

Roused by this challenge to his genius, the blind old bard spread his hands upon the harp, and having rested his forehead on the frame of it for a very few minutes, after an appropriate prelude, extemporaneously broke forth as follows:—

"Lady, they tell me thou art passing fair,
And blest by Heaven with a celestial mind;
I hear thee speaking, but I know not where,
For woe is me, poor minstrel! I am blind.

Yet when the muse inspires me, I can trace
Forms, that to mental vision seem divine;

My fancy can pourtray an angel's face,
Dress it in angel smiles, and call it thine

Still through the windings of the ancient tow'rs
Your dark musician can explore his way,
For my dear patron's animating pow'rs
To these benighted orbs can give the day.

Object of all our love, of all our care,
To thee, brave youth, our honest praise is giv'n;
Thy deeds recorded in the poor man's pray'r,
With that sweet incense shall ascend to Heav'n.

Oft have I bless'd thee, borne thee in my arms,
And oft have hush'd thy wailing infant cry,
Or witching thy young heart with music's charms,
Chang'd the loud laugh to pity's melting sigh.

And shall not he that feels the virgin's wrongs,
In some fond virgin's nuptial arms be blest,
Whilst grateful bards record him in their songs
In love the happiest, and in heart the best?

But who is this in bridal robes array'd?
What beauteous vision is it that I see?
Hail, fair Amelia! this celestial shade
Is the bright form my day-dream shapes for thee."

When David Williams had concluded his lay and retired, Mr. De Lancaster gravely observed, that in ancient times prophecies and prayers and even laws were delivered in verse; then turning to his grandson, he said "Let David's vision be realized on the day that you are of age, and you and I, John, shall be two of the happiest of human beings."

(To be continued.)

ENCROACHMENTS *of the* SEA.

ON this subject, the following particulars have been related by a person whose veracity cannot be questioned, however he may have been imposed on in some points by the Dutch skipper who gave him the information. At every event, the facts, as they are reported, are interesting, and deserving of further enquiry.

About the year 1798, the captain of a Dutch Surinam ship, belonging to Amsterdam, saw at Calais, in the possession of a respectable individual who had been mayor of that place, a

chart of the British Channel, and of a part of the North Sea, delineated on parchment. This chart, which was 850 years old, extended on the east to Heligoland; on the north to Orfordness; and on the west to the present site of the Isle of Wight, which then formed a part of the main land of England. The principal head-lands, as they now exist, were correctly laid down. Between Dover, and the opposite side of the coast of France, there was a space of three miles only; Calais must therefore have been then situated in the interior. Not any entrance was described either into Dunkirk, Flushing, or Beerhaven. The island of Goree being attached to the main land, of which it formed a part, there was not any passage to Rotterdam. Not any Flemish banks were laid down; the space occupied by them, and intermediately between them and the coast opposite, likewise constituting a portion of the main land. But in the North Sea the depth of water in this chart corresponded with the present depth. The Vlie, or Fly Island, as it is now called, was connected with the main land.

Such, and so extraordinary, are the encroachments which the sea appears to have made on this part of the coast; as, in the space described, the more prominent and elevated head-lands are on the side of England, it would seem that, with a reference of three miles only, instead of seven leagues, forming what is called the strait of Dover, the great, if not the entire loss of land, must have been on the side of France, the sea continuing to gain until it was stopped by the cliffs of Calais, and the elevated lands in the vicinity. The head-lands, stiled the fore-lands, north and south, then existed as at present. That part of England therefore cannot have sustained any material loss in the space of nearly nine centuries since this chart was made. But towards Hampshire the depredation of soil must have been considerable, if the Isle of Wight was then really connected with the main land. Reasoning from the other data supplied by this ancient chart, it is presumable that the opposite coasts of France, Flanders, and from Dieppe perhaps to the farthest extremity of the latter country, must have been greatly deteriorated by these encroachments. Let the age of the chart be considered, and reflection be made at the same time, on the constant ravages the sea is known to have more recently committed in different quarters; the above facts, however extraordinary, will then not appear entirely void of probability. In North America, in the comparatively short space of the war of independence, as it is called, the peninsula Sandy Hook became an island. At home, an almost daily loss of ground is sustained in the island of Sheppey, by the falling away of the cliff on the north side. The island of Jersey was once so near to the coast of France, that the small brook separating it from the main land required nothing more than a plank

for the passengers to cross; and it is not long since the house in Jersey, which anciently supplied the plank, still paid a small fine in lieu of that service.

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Causes of the Overthrow of the Spanish Monarchy.

By the Rev. Joseph Townsend, M.A. Author of Travels in Spain.

THE events which have recently occurred in Spain have excited universal astonishment. Every one is solicitous to trace their progress, and to ascertain the cause which has produced them. A mighty empire overthrown in the space of a few days, and the reigning family carried captive by foreigners, without resistance from the natives, are such events as are unparalleled in history.

What cause then can be assigned which is adequate to such effects? The cause is obvious—bad government. This has ruined, in succession, all the mighty empires which have existed in the world, and will continue to do so 'till the end of time.

When a territory of contracted limits has been overrun by some powerful nation, this implies merely a physical inability to defend itself. But when a widely extended country, well peopled, has been suddenly subdued, we have always been able to trace this ruin to its proper cause—bad government.

In Spain a former generation saw the country, in the space of three years, conquered by the Moors. It was at that time ill governed, disheartened, and disarmed; but, as the new comers governed well, it required more than seven hundred years of almost incessant war to drive them out. There can be no doubt, therefore, that to bad government we must ascribe this recent revolution.

The next question which occurs to be resolved is, how Spain came to be worse governed than the surrounding kingdoms.

This subject requires some retrospect, some short investigation.

When the intolerable abuses of the feudal system, oppressive at once to subjects and to sovereigns, required reformation, the sagacity of statesmen led them to different expedients for relief. In one point they all agreed; they humbled the proud vassals of the crown, but suffered the power of the people to increase. Such was the policy of Henry VII. of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Ximenes, and of Richelieu. Thus far all was well. But whilst in England our parliaments maintained their power, such national assemblies were laid aside in France and Spain. Indeed France retained her provincial parliaments,

parliaments, but these formed a feeble barrier against the encroachments of the crown. In Spain, from the days of Charles V. the cortes were never suffered to assemble, excepting only once at the commencement of a reign, to proclaim the title of the successor to the throne.

One additional cause of bad government was found in Spain. When the reigning family was changed, and Louis XIV. forced his grandson upon a reluctant people, the Bourbon family thought it expedient to assemble the grandees round the throne, where, in fact, they were prisoners of state. Thus assembled, and divested of all power, they quickly degenerated, and became perfectly useless to the state.

All these circumstances have been noticed in my Spanish travels. Whilst Charles III. was living, the government, it must be confessed, was weak, but it was not oppressive. His understanding was such as to guide him well in the choice of ministers, and every one was satisfied of his benevolent intentions. His successor was not so highly favoured. Of his heart I can say nothing, but every thing demonstrates the deficiency of his intellectual powers. Whilst I resided at Madrid, I went every day to court, and, solicitous to form some judgment of the destined successor to the throne, I constantly attended in the circle, where he conversed with his friends and the foreign ministers after dinner. Here it was not possible to mistake his character in point of understanding. His education and his habits had no tendency to remedy this defect; for the greatest part of his time was spent in the diversions of the field, and none appeared to have been allotted to the improvements of the mind.

When he returned from hunting, and when the weather prevented his sport, his occupations were such only as were suited to infancy.

After his accession to the crown his principal amusement in the depth of winter, at Madrid, was a nacimiento, or representation of the nativity. For this purpose, in a saloon of three hundred and sixty feet long, were seen a mountain, rocks, cascades, and verdant groves, Jerusalem and Babylon, a sea coast and ships, numerous images of angels, wise men, and shepherds, with the Virgin and the infant Jesus, all curiously wrought by the best artists of Italy and Spain. These were richly clad in modern style. The jewels of gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, with which he adorned these figures, were of inestimable value, and the camels attendant on the wise men were loaded with treasures.

The whole of this saloon was lighted by hundreds of lamps, concealed from the spectators.

During the twelve days of Christmas the king always spent his nights in this saloon. And here the grandees, ambassadors,

ministers of state, and persons of distinction, were admitted to pay their compliments, each vying with the other in expressions of admiration at the wonders of his nacimiento.

The principal artist was obliged every year to exhibit the powers of his imagination by some new plan.

When I was at Madrid I had the honour of being introduced to Sabatini, a distinguished architect, whose merit had been little noticed by the court; but this man, in the succeeding reign, having had the good fortune to give satisfaction to the sovereign, by the construction of a saloon for his nacimiento, as a reward for his ingenuity he was made an admiral.

It must not, however, be imagined that Sabatini was to have the command of fleets upon the ocean. No; he was to be one of the admirals who commanded the little fleet upon the Tagus, with which the king amused himself during his vernal residence at Aranjuez.

From good authority I am informed that more than 30,000l. was every year expended on this childish plaything of the king.

Whilst he thus amused himself, the cares of government devolved wholly on the queen, who immediately on his accession to the throne took her seat in council by his side, attended whenever the ministers were admitted to an audience, and prior to their admission was informed of the business on which they came.

As long as Florida Blanca retained his power, his whole attention was directed to the well being of the state. His virtue was rigid, his infidelity inflexible. Intent on the improvement of the country, he allotted great sums to canals and roads; but not finding the public revenue adequate to the demand for these important works, he suggested to the king that, for the public good, other expedients should be resorted to; and when the dutchy of Alcudia escheated to the crown, he advised that the rents should be applied to expedite the finishing of the great canals.

His wise purposes were, however, frustrated, and this high dignity, with its emoluments, were given to a favourite of the court.

When I was in Spain this favourite was perfectly unknown. But soon after the death of the good old king, when a young Spaniard, a very intimate friend of mine, was about to visit England, and had taken leave of the royal family, his father, well acquainted with the secrets of the court, inquired of him if he had called on Manuel Godoy. No. Go then immediately, and ask for his protection. My friend obeyed the mandate of his father, and was most graciously received. This handsome young garde du corps was at dinner with

with some of the grandees, who doubtless foresaw his future greatness.

The house was his own, magnificently furnished, and the room in which he dined was decorated with the most elegant and costly trinkets. For some years this favourite of fortune was concealed from public view; he had shone hitherto in the small circle of his friends. But now the time arrived when, by his sudden elevation, he was to attract the notice of the world. When Florida Blanca had requested that the revenues of the dutchy of Alcudia should be reserved for national improvements, he found himself thwarted in his purposes, and lamented to hear that this extensive territory was destined for a garde de corps, attendant on the queen, who was to be created a grandee of Spain.

This he strenuously opposed in council, as illegal, and for a time prevailed. But finally, in spite of his remonstrances, the grant took place. To vindicate these grants the count de la Canada was employed, who had no difficulty in proving to the satisfaction of the court, that the family of Godoy was most illustrious, and, as such, justly entitled to the grandeeship in Spain. For this service he was created governor of the council of Castille, and thus the way was made plain for the triumph of the favourite. In the mean time the people openly expressed their dissatisfaction; and on the 26th of February, 1792, at night, the mob marked their indignation by attacking the house of the garde de corps, which they are said to have totally demolished.

The next day, at two o'clock in the morning, Count Florida Blanca received orders to depart immediately from Madrid, and to retire within the precincts of his own estate. He was, however, permitted, at his particular request, to take up his abode in a convent of monks at Ellin, a small village in Murcia, where he remained four months, at the end of which term he was conveyed as a state prisoner to the castle of Pampeluna.

Thus every obstacle having been removed, Manuel Godoy was created a grandee of the first class, and duke de la Alcudia, with a territory of about twenty thousand a year to support his dignity. It was not thought expedient to make him the immediate successor to so intelligent a minister as Florida Blanca. Count d'Aranda was therefore recalled from Paris, where he had been some years in honourable banishment as ambassador from the court of Spain.

On his elevation to this office of high dignity and power, his sagacity soon discovered that he was only *locum tenens* to another; and that other he endeavoured to remove. He took occasion, therefore, to extol the superior talents of his rival, lamented the disadvantages he had laboured under in his youth,

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and recommended that he should travel for some years in Europe, after which he would return with such a stock of political wisdom as might qualify him for the highest employments in the state. The confidential friends of the young man were too much practised in the intrigues of courtiers to let him fall into this snare. Count d'Aranda was dismissed, and the duke of Alcudia became prime minister. Splendid honours were heaped upon his head, and every power of the state was put into his hands. He became sargento mayor, that is inspector of the body guard, chamberlain and private secretary to the queen, commander in chief of all the forces, &c. From royal munificence he received coaches, horses, and jewels, of inestimable value; and whenever the king had a child born to him, the duke of Alcudia received some fresh token of his regard.

On one occasion, when the accoucheur had delivered the queen, and was retiring, he saw displayed upon a table a quantity of gold, which filled him with astonishment, because he could scarcely conceive that such a recompence was designed for him. In fact it was not designed for him, but for the favourite, that he might participate in his sovereign's joy on this occasion. The sum was 80,000 ducats. At one of these seasons the duke received the cortijo, or royal farm, near Aranjuez, which I have particularly described in my travels, and which cost the old king more than 200,000l. At the same time to this was added the best encomienda of Santiago, which required a vow of perpetual celibacy and chastity. Such gifts as these excited indignation, and the enraged multitude expressed the general sentiment in the subsequent placard, which was found on the walls of the palace at Madrid.

"Si la reyna tiene otro parto
Se queda sin corona Carlos quarto."

Should the queen have another son, Charles IV. will remain without a crown. This indignation and disgust was not confined within the narrow limits of Madrid.

Whilst the duke of Alcudia displayed his omnipotence at court, every department in the state was occupied by some one of his creatures, whose chief recommendation was attachment to his person.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BON MOT.

AT the late Hertford assizes, a landlord, boasting the goodness of his wine to a friend, said it was greatly admired by

by the *gentlemen* of the bar. "That may be," answered the other," for there is no *judge* among them."

APPROACHING JUBILEE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

OBSERVING lately some remarks in the various papers of the day, respecting the intended jubilee, on account of the advanced period of the reign of our beloved sovereign over this empire, and having remarked the stress laid on the long reigns of Edward the Third, and Henry the Third, of England, I have felt an inclination (natural, you will say, to an old Highlander,) that the glory of our once royal Scottish line in this respect, should not be eclipsed; and I therefore hope, that a few facts from history, in this view, will not be unacceptable.

The English heptarchy was only subdued in the year 823, when Egbert the Great became the first sole Saxon monarch of England, nearly about the time that Kenneth the Second conquered the Picts. Constantine the Third, the grandson of Kennuth, was often victorious over the Danes, who during his reign had invaded the east coast of Scotland. This warlike Highland prince, after a reign of fifty-two years, died in peace in the monastery of Icolmkill, to which he had retired, on account of his great age, a short time before his death.

Malcolm the Third, surnamed Caenmore, computed his reign (as did Charles the Second of Britain) from the death of his father Duncan the First, who was murdered by Macbeth, anno 1040. Macbeth's usurpation continued seventeen years until Malcolm was restored to the throne of his fathers in 1057, by the aid of Edward the Confessor. Malcolm married Princess Margaret, daughter to Edward, the son of Edmond the Second of England, surnamed Ironside; and thus introduced the blood royal of the Saxon, or English kings, into the royal line of Scotland. This warlike prince was slain in the siege of Alnwick Castle, the 13th of November, 1093, in the fifty-third year of his prosperous reign, and was the first of the Scottish monarchs buried at Dunfirmline.

The eldest daughter of Malcolm the Third married Henry the First, the youngest son of William the Conqueror; and thus continued the blood royal of the old Saxon monarchy, in the line of the Normans, Plantagenets, and Tudors.

King William of Scotland, surnamed the Lion, the great grandson of Malcolm the Third, died at the abbey of Aberbrothwick, in the forty-ninth year of his reign. This abbey had been founded by him in honour of the memory of Thomas à Becket of Canterbury.

David the Second, son of the victorious Robert the First, or the Bruce, died February 22, 1371, in the forty-third year of his reign, in the castle of Edinburgh, in that part of the building named from his having built it, King David's Tower.

On the death of David II. commenced the Stewart succession, whose reigns were unfortunate and short, until that of James VI. who reigned 58 years, 22 of which, over England and Scotland, as one united kingdom. His present majesty, George III. is the sixth, in lineal descent, from that learned and prudent monarch, the First of Great Britain, in whose veins was centered all the blood royal of the different dynasties that in former ages held dominion in this now happily united kingdom.

This statement may be depended on, as from one who has long been led to make history and genealogy his peculiar study.

In conclusion, permit me to hint, that the approaching jubilee might be signalized for ages to come, to the honour of both our king and his people, if, instead of a waste of money for purposes, the memory and gratification of which will end with the day, some of our leading men of worth would but publish their resolutions, to countenance subscriptions and collections for founding an institution for the maintenance of a certain number of deserving aged men and women.

Surely such a measure would meet with the cordial support of the enlightened and the good.

I would propose such an establishment to be for the reception of an equal proportion of English, Scottish, and Irish subjects; that thus the union of the three kingdoms might be perpetuated.

The front of the building might exhibit to admiring strangers, and to Albion's sons and daughters for centuries to come, such an inscription as the following:

Jubilee Asylum—October 25, 1809,
by public voluntary subscriptions,
to the memory of the best of kings, GEORGE III.
the father of his people,
who on the above day entered the
fiftieth year of his reign.

If loquacity be the privilege of age, who can have a better title to it than he, who on the approaching jubilee, will, if God spare him, complete his seventieth year? and who hopes yet to live long to drink his majesty's health in many a bumper of Highland whisky.

JOHN BROWN,
Genealogist to his royal highness the prince of Wales,
for Scotland.

No. 11, *Orange-court, Swallow-street, October* 4, 1809.

PRIDE.

IT can hardly be believed how low pride will stoop. A daughter of Lord Chief Baron ****, not a little vain of her descent, and well married, taught her child, when he was asked whose picture her father's was, not to answer, "My grandfather's;" but with great form and solemnity to say, "My Lord Chief Baron ****." She was afterwards left a widow with three children; and married, first a painter of little account, and then a barber of less. The case was, these second and third husbands found the way to soothe her vanity and pride, which was a sure road to her fantastic heart.

OBSOLETE EXPRESSIONS.

[From Dr. Samuel Pegge's "Anonymiana, or Ten Centuries of Observations on various Authors and Subjects."]

WE have certain terms or expressions which in a very little time will become obscure; they are already obsolete, and in a few years may grow unintelligible. The *apostle-spoons* are a sort of spoon in silver with round bits, very common in the 17th century, but are seldom seen now. The set consists of a dozen; and each had the figure of an apostle, with his proper ensign, at the top. I have seen, in my time, two or three sets; but at present they are exceeding scarce. *Peg-tankards*, of which I have seen a few still remaining in Derbyshire, have in the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom: the tankards hold two quarts; so that there is a gill of ale, or half a pint Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg or pin; the second was to empty to the next pin, &c. by which means the pins were so many measures to the compotators, making them all drink alike, or the same quantity; and as the distance of the pins was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, the company would be very liable, by this method, to get drunk, especially when, if they drank short of the pin, or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again.

For this reason, in Archbishop Anselm's Canons, made in the council at London, in the year 1102, priests are enjoined not to go to drinking-bouts, nor drink Pegs. The words are, "*Ut presbyteri non eant ad potationes, nec ad pinnas bibant.*" (Wilkins, vol. I. p. 382. This shews the antiquity of this invention, which at least was as old as the conquest. Dutch *tankeard*, probably from Latin *cantharus:* transposition of letters is common; gallon is from *lagena*, as is flaggon.

Answer, by J. French, at Evershot School, to A. Kyne's Charade, inserted the 14th of August.

IF you go to the BEE-HIVE you'll quickly survey,
A diligent insect that toils all the day.

‡§‡ Similar answers have been received from J. W. Jones, and G. W. Jones, of North Petherton; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; S. Tucker, of Bugford; C. J. Ninnis, of the Cornwall artillery; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; C. Caines, at Cerne school; J. Ball, at Evershot school; and J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. Trood's Enigma, inserted August 21.

WHILST Ganl's proud emperor, and his savage horde,
Fill half the world with ruin, fire, and sword;
Secur'd by ocean, and her gallant fleet,
Britannia stands, sweet LIBERTY's retreat!
Here science shines refin'd, and arts prevail,
Whilst trade and commerce spread the swelling sail.

† Similar answers have been received from Claudius, of Yeovil; H. B. Bridgewater; G. W. Jones, and J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; W. S. and W. B. of Honiton; and S. Tucker, of Bugford.

Answer, by J. W. Jones, of North Petherton, to W. B.'s Rebus, inserted the 21st of August.

TO name your rebus was an easy task,
For 'twas compos'd, friend B. on BERGOMASK.

, A similar answer has been received from G. W. Jones, of North Petherton.

A REBUS, *by J. Woodman, of North Curry.*

A Female that rambles maids' fortunes to tell;
The name of a lake on the border of Hell;
A beautiful mount in Thessaly declare;
And a title oft giv'n to a beautiful fair:
The initials connected you plainly will see
A place from whose horrors I hope to keep free.

A CHARADE, *by S. Tucker, of Bugford.*

BEHOLD! th' cottager, in yonder shed,
Oft doth my first to get her children bread;
My second's often us'd by men of sport,
Where the unwary, feath'ry tribe resort;
Melodious whole! how oft at evening's close,
Whilst nature seems to sink in sweet repose,
Aave I sat list'ning to thy mellow note,
Serene and chearful while thy soft sounds float;
E'en to my soul soft transports thou convey'st,
When the fair minstrel strikes thy trembling keys.

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON PLEASURE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

ONE summer's evening, as I stray'd
Along the silent moonlight glade,
With grave reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes;
Methought a spacious road I spy'd,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bid me join their smiling throng;
I straight obey'd; persuasion hung,
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd the way.

Now, as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose in view;
A stately dome, and highly grac'd
With every ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And pleasure was the monarch's name.
The hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And saw the queen inthron'd in gold;
Arabian sweets perfume the ground,
And laughing Cupids perch'd around.
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flowery chaplets wreath'd her hair;
The graces deck'd her with their smiles,
And fraud bestow'd her artful wiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily, blended with the rose,
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her votaries flock'd from various parts,
But chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best.

Now let us range at large, we cry'd,
Thro' all the garden's boasted pride;
Here jasmines interwove their flowers,
And emulated Eden's bowers;
The woodbines mix'd in amorous play,
And breath'd their fragrant lives away.
Here the young rose its bloom display'd;
There the gold orange form'd a shade;

While

While fountains murmuring to the song,
Roll'd their translucent streams along.
Thro' all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles told their loves;
Larks, as they mounted, pour'd their notes,
And linnets swell'd their rapturous throats.

We now were ordered to depart;
Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart;
A porter shew'd a different door,
Not the fair portal seen before;
The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The crowds descended in a tide.
But Oh! ye heavens, what vast surprise,
Struck the adventurer's frighted eyes!
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
The darkness rose in smoky spires;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires;
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance fill'd our hearts with fear.
Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain:
Here sat distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with spleen;
There stood, remorse, with thought opprest,
And vipers feeding on his breast;
There want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just staring thro' his skin;
A ghastly fiend! and just behind,
Disease, his aching head reclin'd,
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires which rag'd within his breast;
Death clos'd the train! A hideous form
Smil'd unrelenting in the storm;
When straight a doleful shriek was heard—
I woke—the vision disappear'd

Let not the inexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap,
From sallies of the soul in sleep;
And since there's meaning in my dream
The moral merits your esteem.

Camelford, August, 1809. T. B. P. Jun.

CHLOE's SMILE: AN EPIGRAM.

FROM morn 'till eve, throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay;
I romp'd with Phillis; all the while
Nothing disturb'd my Chloe's smile!
The next day came; the morning lour'd,
Our schemes were cross'd, our tempers sour'd;
Still Chloe *smil'd!* amaz'd, I said,
"Can nothing vex this lovely maid?"
Too soon a tooth, by luckless blow,
Was shook from out the pearly row,
And tho' time soon had heal'd the pain,
My Chloe never *smil'd* again;